

Flight Of The Warrior

HammerFall

Thundering down from the mountain you ride
Clutching a sword made of steel
The ones you call friends they all left you for dead
Alone on the battlefield

Many were at your command
Renegade souls on your command
Holding each life in your hand
Living for all and for one

Shining into the night you
are riding
Through the darkness and light you are
flying with the wind in your hair
The flight of the warrior

Drunk with revenge from winch on one can hide
Into their midst you will run
A face from the grave is the last thing they'll see
And die with your name on their tongue

Many were at your command
Renegade souls on the run
Holding each life in your hand
Living for all and for one

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